

The Fall of the Veil

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Summary: Dragon attacks were common. Then one year, all the dragons vanished. AU

## The Fall of the Veil

\*\*Disclaimer:\*\* I own nothing.

\*\*AN:\*\* This is part of a much bigger crossover fic, but this and it's second, (\_maybe\_) third chapter will focus solely on HTTYD. This is an AU, moving away from the first movie's plot right when Hiccup went to try and run away. Note, there are some spoilers for the second movie in this.

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><p>The isle of Berk rested somewhere between Norway and Scotland. it wasn't a particularly large island, but it was well inhabited. In modern times, the town of Berk is small, the people all know each other well, and their families had known one another for generations. Some left the island, but many often returned to raise families of their own. In the past, before the fall of the veil, the village of Berk, home to the Hairy Hooligan tribe of vikings, the island was far less peaceful.</p>

Dragon attacks were common, and the village often needed repairing and rebuilding. Of course, battling with dragons was far from a confined occurrence- it happened through most of Scandinavia.

Then one year, all the dragons just vanished.

Stoic the Vast, Chief of the Hairy Hooligan Tribe, had just recently returned from a journey to find the Dragon's Nest. It hadn't been the first time he'd made such a tribe, nor was it any more successful than previous trips. He'd returned home to find his son, who had never fit with the burly tribe of vikings and had been a great source

of disappointment to Stoic, had become somewhat of a local hot topic.

Hiccup, Stoic's son, had spent most of his life trying to fit in, and failing at every turn. He was too smart, too scrawny, too curious. But placed in the arena against dragons, he was the best. Though he never harmed the beasts, he always came out on top. Stoic didn't believe it, until he saw it himself. The pride that swelled in nearly burst from his chest when Gothi, the village elder/witch, named Hiccup the champion. The one with the honor of killing a dragon in front of the whole village.

But it wasn't to be.

That night, something changed.

No one was quite sure what it was. But the whole village, nay the world over, were startled at the exact same moment by an odd feeling no one could explain.

>In Berk, this moment happened late in the afternoon. It was an odd feeling that settled over them all like a fine coat of dust and dirt. Something to be shook off, lest it stain them.<p>

That night, Stoic found his son was gone. Hiccup was not home, or at the forge, and Gobber the Belch's assurances that Hiccup would turn up did nothing to soothe the worried father. Stoic may not have shown it often, and he sometimes wondered about it himself, but he did love his son. And something told him something had happened to the boy.

When morning came and Hiccup still had not turned up, Stoic gathered men and they searched the island over.

There was no sign of Hiccup.

It wouldn't be until later that they noticed the dragons were gone as well. Not only those that lived in the wild, but also those caged in the arena.

Vanished into thin air.

It was nearly too much to bear for Stoic. He led another, more frenzied, journey to look for the nest, to hope he'd find something. But nothing was found. He was forced to return home to Berk, to ready for the rapidly approaching cold months.

The dragons would never return. Neither would Hiccup.

In time, they would know the dragons had disappeared from everywhere. None of the other tribes of vikings, or even the celts, had seen a dragon since the day that odd feeling had fallen over them all.

Stoic would never stop looking for his son. The dragons be damned, he didn't care for them in the least, but he could not bear the loss. First his wife, his beloved Valka, and now his son. His odd, eccentric, boy.

Eventually, Snotlout Jorgenson, Stoic's nephew, would take over as chieftain. And people would miss the leadership that Stoic had provided.

They would wonder at Stoic's loss. Wonder if Hiccup had simply left, or if something had happened to him.

Some said it was for the best. Even with Hiccup's sudden skill with Dragon slaying, they agreed he wasn't chief material. Others wondered, thought maybe the boy did have more potential than they'd ever thought he could.

In the end, Stoic passed in battle, never to know what truly happened. His death was mourned greatly.

And like so many great names in the past, Stoic's was lost. His name, and legend, the name of his son long forgotten before his own. Until he was simply known as "a great viking chief from the isle of berk".

End  
file.